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interest of persons who need goods in our line
to call.

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way, and can and will sell to suit the times.
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of the kind they have ever used, and that it
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EVERY FELLOW BOILED IN LINSEED OIL.
Thankful for past patronage, we hope to merit
a continuance of the same by doing good work
at reasonable prices.

WHITMAN & GODDARD,
May 10, 1876. 5113

THE REGULAR-PROOF MAN.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

I don't suppose you feel much interest

in burglars, nor are their habits a very

choice theme in polite literature; but

then that occurrence at Glen Spring was

really an extraordinary affair. I was on

the police force at the time and knew

Calico Charley well. His father was one

of the best machinists in the country, and

he took more pains to make a man of his

boy than the fellow deserved. The old

man had a little machine shop and had

the boy Charley with him—a bright,

smart chap he was then. When he was

twenty-one he got to be pretty lively

about town, for the old man had saved

up a handsome property and let Charley

have more money than was good for him.

Then they got up a new safe lock, and it

made a big stir, and I believe they went

into that sort of thing pretty heavy. Any

way Charley went over with the lock to

the first world's fair in London. There

he got tripped up. I never heard ex-
actly how it was. They put up a wicked

job on him of some kind, and got him

mixed up with a pretty bad London mob.

The story that we heard was that he

picked a safe lock for a party that

shouldn't have been picked. Any way,

he got in with the wrong crowd and they

wouldn't let go of him. He stayed over

there about five years and got to be a

regular first-class sneak, and worked half

a dozen jobs in the most scientific man-
ner. We got word from Scotland Yard

that he was coming back and I dropped

in at the old man's place to try and find

out something. Old Calico (that was

his name) had got rich. What with his

bank lock and his other inventions, his

mean way of living, and his luck in buy-
ing some down town property before

people had an idea how big the

city was going to be, he'd come to be a

regular nabob. I couldn't get a word

out of him about his boy. He said he'd

given him up, and was going to retire

from business. Money must have come

in pretty fast then to the old fellow. He

showed me half a dozen patents that he

was going to sell out; any one of 'em

must have been worth quite a pile of

dollars.

Now I think of it, it was Calico who

put the first Franklin in an iron safe,

and he invented the rubber dam which

prevented the thieves from using the air

pump when they wanted to blow up a

safe.

It seems that when young Calico

started for America he'd made up his

mind to cut his London acquaintances

and tricks, and live honestly by going

back to the old man. None of us knew

this at the time. Well, when he got here

a curious thing happened. We had a

man in the central office by the name of

Meehan, who was in with an east side

mob. He was broke about a year after-
ward. Meehan had got word from the

London gang, and he met young Calico

on the dock with facts enough to send

him up; and he made a straight offer to

him to stay with the east side gang if he

didn't want to end his career for useful-
ness, and Calico, frightened at the pros-
pect of going to prison, forgot his good

resolutions, and joined the thieves.

It was in the winter of '75 that the

places along the Hudson river were

broke into by a river gang. You may

recollect it. Judge Schermerhorn's

house at Glen Spring was entered one

night and robbed of \$50,000 worth of

property. The papers made a good deal

of it, and the old man was very

proud of it. He said it was the best

thing he'd ever done, and he was

very much pleased with the result.

With that Tony goes down the way

he came and walks into the kitchen,

where a little girl was washing dishes.

She gave him some bread and meat

and talked quite freely. To his astonish-
ment she told him that the old man had

lots of money in the house. She'd seen it.

She told him that she lived in the village

and went home every night. He must

have made a favorable report, because

it wasn't long after that when Bill Ketchum

who was the ringleader of the river

gang, thought he'd take a look at the

house. So he goes, playing the part

of a peddler, and drops the nearest little

pack in front of the place when he sees

the sign. There it was sure enough,

glowing in red on a white ground,

and inviting all burglars, house breakers,

sneak thieves and assassins to come and

take what they could get. The house

stood a good ways back from the road,

and as Bill went up the wide path he had

a good chance to take in the dwelling.

It was a large brick house with a high

stone foundation and an iron stoop.

There wasn't a shutter, a pair of blinds

on the place. And if anybody had tried

to set it a fire he would have given up

the job as a bad one.

Ketchum got in through the window.

He had a lot of things in his pack that

ticked the fancy of the girl, and he let

her amuse herself with them while he

made a search for a lot of silver questions.

But he couldn't get much out of her, simply

because she didn't know anything, so he

made up his mind to interview the old

man and pokes about till he got up stairs,

and was halted over the balusters. Well

now then, what do you want, say?

Nish gloves, necktie, soap, sheep,

says Ketchum, pushing up.

Didn't you read the warning to ped-
dlers on the fence. Ain't you afraid of

the dogs? shouted the old man.

Warnin'! says Bill, giving himself

away.

All right, sings out the old man, quick-
er than lightning. You're no peddler.

You want to see my property. Come up—
I'll show it to you.

Well, this stumped Bill a good deal,

but he plucked up and followed Calico

into an upper room, keeping one eye

round him and taking in everything but

making a great show of trade.

This room, says Calico, is where I

sleep. There isn't any lock on the door,

and this room is where I keep my money.

There's the safe—I never lock it. Here,

I'll show you what's in it—stand still—
because when I pull the door open it

starts a telegraph machine, and three of

the best men in the country start from

the village—they're officers. With that

he jerked the door open.

Bill was a little nervous, and he could

not help showing it.

If any of your gang should come at

night I'll put you up to a trick—cut the

wires first, they run across the road below

the big gate. Don't be nervous. Do

you see that?—It's gold. Feel the weight

of it. These are diamonds. Can you

tell a real spark when you see it? I

should say they were worth, in the market

between \$30,000 and \$40,000.

The old man kept up this kind of pat-
tern, standing there in his old calico

wrapper, Bill Ketchum watching him

with one eye and wondering whether he

was insane or just the smartest man he'd

ever met. He had an idea that it was

just the easiest thing to knock him over

as he stood there and walk off with the

plunder. But that hint about the tele-<